

CHINESE LADIES AT HOME.

Mrs. Gilbert Reid's Account of Shanghai Society.

New York Sun.

Few foreign missionaries get an opportunity to mingle socially with Chinese of high position. There is one, a woman, in New York at present, who for five years has had the privilege of doing so. She is the bride of the Rev. Gilbert Reid, who is trying to establish at Peking an international institute for the benefit of the mandarins and educated Chinese generally. When it is said that Mrs. Reid mingles with Chinese of fashion in Shanghai it doesn't mean that she knows any of the men, for the sexes are absolutely separated so far as social intercourse goes.

It is interesting to learn how she made such a social position for herself. She was a Miss Reynolds, of North Carolina, and nearly five years ago was sent out by the Methodist Episcopal Church South, as a missionary to teach in the McTyre school at Shanghai, the only school in all China where the "Upper Ten" can send their daughters to board and be educated and pay for it. But Mrs. Reid can tell her own story.

"So you've heard that I stand very close to the high-class women in Shanghai, have you?" she said, when the subject was introduced. "And of course you want to know how I ever managed to get into their homes and to get them to visit me in mine. It was through their daughters, the pupils in our school. That school was the grand thought of a grand woman, Miss Laura A. Haygood. Miss Haygood is a sister of Bishop Atteridge G. Haygood, of Atlanta, Ga., and is perhaps the first woman in Southern Methodism. Six years ago this month she opened the only school for high-class girls in all China. Her idea was to give to these girls the same opportunities that are given to high-class Chinese boys and that low-class children get in the charity mission schools, and one of her main objects was to establish Christian homes in China. A building was put up at a cost of \$25,000, and the school was intended to be self-supporting. We opened with five pupils and now have forty-two boarders and day pupils. They are taught both Chinese and English. A native, a man, teaches the classics, and Miss Haygood, Miss Richardson and I, assisted by two expert teachers, give instruction in English, reading, writing, arithmetic, embroidery, and physical culture.

"I'll just tell you a few of our pupils are and then you can see plainly how I got in with their mothers and friends. There is the niece of the Chinese Minister in Washington, a dear girl, and the daughter of Tiao Tai of Shanghai, which amounts to a major over here. The daughter of the manager of the imperial telegraphs is one of our pupils, and so is the daughter of the Prefect of Nankin. She is ten years old, has little feet, and is betrothed. We have one little slave girl in the school who is being educated for the wife of a mandarin. She was bought by his mother, and he is being educated in a foreign land. The daughter of the Rev. Y. K. Yen, who visited England and America in the interest of the Anti-opium Association, is also among our pupils, and we have a lot of girls whose fathers were educated in England and America. The mothers of these girls visit us and we visit them.

"Wouldn't you like to hear about the feasts they give in our honor?" continued Mrs. Reid. "The invitations are written on red paper and worded in very kachee language," showing a whole batch of them. "What do I mean by kachee?" "Well," they mean the breath or spirit of a guest. When the day of the feast comes the hostess has a Chinese band stationed at the front door, and as each guest comes they shoot off fire-crackers, beat tom-toms, and make noise enough to scare the guest, if she happens to be a poor little woman foreign devil. A runner or courier announces each guest, and the hostess, for you must remember that Chinese men are not content with one wife, come out to meet them. The guests are taken into the reception room and seated. And how do you suppose we are entertained? Generally by means of a monkey or parrot, or both, and I never fully comprehended what a monkey and a parrot time was until I went to my first Chinese feast in high life. If the people are very rich they bring in their jewels, and show their silk dresses and fine furniture. I remember seeing a bed made of red Cantonese lacquer and gold leaf, which would bring \$3,000 easily in this country.

"It is interesting to watch the four or five wives at one of these feasts. Each guest understands just which wife is which. The first wife always comes from the high class, and she has the privilege of deciding whether she will have children or not. She invariably wants them, for you know sons are sacred beings in China, and every Chinese woman wants a son. The wives

are to all appearances loving and peaceful toward one another, but they hate each other in reality, and their poor hearts are constantly torn by envy and jealousy. All the other wives except number one may be of humble origin, or worse, and when the first one dies another is selected to take her place.

"But to get back to feast. We sit down at the tables, eight at a table—never more. The most distinguished guests sit facing the South. That law is as binding as the one pertaining to ancestors. The tables are bare, and laid with silver chop sticks and little spoons with bats on them. The bat is an emblem of luck. Fruit and preserves are piled up on the tables in a pile like a. A delicious conserve is made of rose leaves cut into diamond shapes and built into pagodas, and then there are dishes of sugared peanuts and dried watermelon seed on the table. That is all. From thirty to forty courses are usually served at a feast, and we Americans never eat anything at home the day we are going to one. It isn't because we enjoy what is in store for us so much, but because we know what is before us and that it is very rude to refuse a course at a feast. Sea slugs are served on the half shell with Tsing Tung first instead of oysters. The latter is the basis of Worcester sauce and is shipped in enormous quantities to England. Next we have shark fin soup and bird nest stew. Then come dove's eggs brought on steaming hot and sizzling in chafing dish. After that croquettes made of shrimps and bamboo shoots are served, and the next course consists of pork, beef, ham and bamboo shoots shredded and stewed together. 'Bah' with a shrug at the thought of this dish.

"Duck is usually served several times at a feast, cooked in different ways, and now it is brought on prepared with mushrooms. After duck comes cold chicken, and then we have to live through another course of pork, and before we know it here comes duck once more. Toward the last a lot of Chinese Dien Sing is brought on. This means sweetmeats to us. They have preserved ginger, shredded coconut, preserved lotus and turpils and oranges and so on. Cups of hot wine are served during the feast, and some time these high-class ladies get so drunk they have to be carried from the room. They serve three wines. One is made of rice, another of rose leaves, and the third of orange peelings. The rose-leaf wine is like a very fine French brandy, and a small cup of it will lend a most delicious fragrance to a whole room. After the sweetmeats are served a pudding made of nine ingredients, the chief ones being rice and raisins, is brought and served with almond tea."

"Is that good?" asked the visitor. "Good?" exclaimed Mrs. Reid. "It's horrid. It gives me indigestion to think of it. The last course is a bowl of rice and a cup of tea, which is set before each guest. As each guest finishes her rice, and she mustn't leave a grain, she lays her chopsticks across the top of the bowl and says to the others, 'Eat slowly.' The hostess immediately takes them down and says, 'Eat more.' The servants bring the courses in and that is all they do. The hostess serves each guest from one big dish in the centre of the table, using a gold or silver toothpick, the chopstick with which she has been eating, or a hair pin from her hair, to dish out the food. This isn't very appetizing, but it's Chinese."

"Aren't these feasts very wearying to a hostess?" asked the reporter. "Oh, very," answered Mrs. Reid. "The guests usually arrive at 2 in the afternoon, and frequently we do not sit down to the table before 5. She is on her three-inch feet all that time, and a great part of the hour during the serving of the feast. But she never shows any weariness, that is considered a sin. She must be always smiling and gentle, and well bred. Foreigners leave a few small coins wrapped in red paper on the table for the servants. What would we think of tipping the servants at one of our dinner parties? High-class people send their guests away in their private carriages, rickshas, or sedan chairs.

"Oh, I forgot entirely about the very last thing that is brought on at a feast, and that is Turkish wash cloths wrung out in hot water. One is passed to each guest, and she wipes off her face and hands with it. If the feast is very long these cloths are passed around in the middle of it, too. The rule there is to eat and run. It is considered very rude to stay a minute after the feast. The hostess sees each guest to the door, imploring her to come back, and crying out, 'Go slowly!' When the Chinese women come to see us and we entertain them at luncheon parties they always tell us how clean our houses are and how

dirty their own homes are, and they tell the truth, too. We give just such luncheons as we would at home, and it is amusing to watch them, but they soon catch on.

"How can we expect much of the Chinese women? They spend their time shut in their own apartments, gossiping and reading novels. The gentlemen who prepare our course in Chinese literature say we've found only one Chinese novel, a historical romance, fit for us to read; and yet the Chinese women live on Chinese fiction. They talk with their servants, smoke water pipes, and most of them get drunk on hot wine. A Chinese woman of any position or respectability never goes out of her home without a special invitation, and many of them grow old and die without ever having set foot out of their front door. No thought from the outside world can get to them. As I said, they read, gossip, cultivate their long yellow, claw-like finger nails, paint their faces, lips and eye brows and dress their hair most elaborately. That's the way they spend their days. They are jealous of one another, jealous of attention, and envious of anybody who has fine clothes. They are now getting to wear foreign things and are especially fond of our watches and trinkets. They are crazy over American music boxes. At one place I visited they had an organ brought up to hear me play on it, and I tell you I was a great show to them. They have no carpets in their houses and neither do they have fires. When it is cold the women sit up in fur-lined garments from morning until night with their tiny feet on a foot stove and read those fiendish novels. Chinese women never see a man other than their fathers, or at least that is what the Chinese themselves say. You know the general idea prevails that a Chinese girl never sees the face of her betrothed or he hers until they are married, but I have good reason to believe that boy and girl human nature is the same in China as it is here, and I think that such things as secret meetings between lovers are not unheard of in the Celestial Empire.

"The Chinese character for peace is the roof of a house with a woman under it. When I first went there I built up a beautiful ideal about that character. I thought it meant that in every house where a woman was established there was peace, but a Chinese man, and a very smart one at that, set me straight by telling me the character meant that if you wanted to have peace you must keep the women in the house. That's the real secret of foot binding in China. It was not started for the sake of beauty, but to keep the women at home. Oh, the terrors of foot binding! I've often seen children ten years old who have never walked a step and require two ahmahs or nurses to care for them. We've had girls requiring the attendance of two ahmahs apply for entrance at our school, but we could not take the poor little things. As bad as foot binding is, there is something worse in China, and that is the way in which the men and women are separated.

"When the girls who board with us enter our school they have to learn to dress their own hair, a thing they've never done before. We do not require them to unbind their feet, but in one year seven have voluntarily unbound their feet as a result of Christian teaching. Out of over 42 only 10 are left who have bound feet."

"One of our girls married T. H. Yun, who educated himself at Vanderbilt University in Tennessee. He is the present minister of education at Seoul, the capital of Corea, and is a great favorite with the king, who chose him with eight other young princes to go to the coronation of the Czar. Mr. and Mrs. Yun have a lovely Christian home and two children. He would never have married her had she not been sent to our school. He is a great friend of Bishop Hendricks of Kansas City and of General Early of Virginia. Another girl married Theodore Wang, who graduated from the University of Virginia. He is the brother-in-law of the Rev. Mr. Pott, Dean of St. John's College in Shanghai, and will become a missionary to his own people. That reminds me that Mrs. Pott, who is a Chinese woman, is one of the brightest and most intellectual friends I have. She has adopted foreign methods of living, dressing and thinking. Still another girl is the wife of a professor in the Anglo Chinese College. Her husband received an offer of eighty taels a month and a house to teach five young men English and refused it, preferring to teach in a Christian school at \$25 a month and furnishing his own house.

"One of our girls, whose father has three wives, told him what lovely girls we had in the school. He went to a lady in Shanghai and asked her to come and say to us that he wanted one of our Christian girls with big feet for his fourth wife, as he thought she would be better tempered than his wives with little feet.

"We have a little literary society in our school called the Wightman Society, after the widow of Bishop Wightman of Charleston, S. C., a woman who has done as much as any

other in the South toward enlightening the Chinese. There are eighteen members in the society, which meets once a week. It is for girls who know enough English to conduct the meetings in English. A girl who forgets and speaks in Chinese pays a fine of one cash (a tenth of a cent) for each word. The girls read short stories, prepare original papers, and have discussions. They write me that the last book they read is, 'Timothy's Quest,' by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and they are also very fond of 'Birdie's Christmas Carol,' by the same author. Others of their favorites 'Are stepping Heavenward,' 'Little Men,' and 'Little Women,' and Francis Ridley Havergal's books. Every night they have a prayer service, and read Mrs. Havergal's 'Little Pillows,' in English. They make a prayer in Chinese, and end up with the Lord's prayer in English, and they have been doing this a year before the teachers found it out. They have a little library of 200 books, and I say the best way to teach Chinese girls to keep Sunday is to put bright American stories with plenty of pictures into their hands. I am trying to collect some books and pictures to take back to them, though I won't be in the school any more, for we, of course, shall live in Peking. The Chinese girls know nothing of sports until the McTyre school was opened. We have taught them lawn tennis and croquet, and they are fond of physical culture, especially dumb-bell exercises.

"When we get established in Peking and Mr. Reid gets the International Institute under way, I am going to work among the high-class women as he does among the men. I shall set apart one day in every week to receive them socially in my own house and after I gain their confidence I shall open a kindergarten for their little children. Then I shall establish classes for the women of the institute and give them musical and literary entertainments. The Chinese women have a great deal of curiosity about foreign people and their ways, and my effort shall be to teach them all I can about our beautiful home life and the human sympathy and understanding that exist between the sexes. I'm trying to collect as many pictures of American home life as possible and pictures representing Bible truths to take back to Peking with me. They are fond of their children and spoil them dreadfully, and it is really through the little folks that I expect to get the strongest hold on the parents. Woman nature is woman nature the world over, and the mother heart is the same everywhere.

No Discrimination.

The Atlanta Constitution tells of an aged Georgia negro, Nathan by name, who is employed by a gentleman very prominent in State politics. That Nathan, also, has an eye to political favors is shown by the following conversation, which recently took place between him and his employer.

"Marse Jim," said Nathan, "is you gwine in dis yere race for governor?" "Haven't thought about it."

"Well, ef yer does run, an' gits elected, will you give me a job?"

"Certainly, I would remember you, Nathan. What would you like?"

"Well, suh, I'd des like ter black boots now, de capitol."

"And what would you expect for that service?"

"Well, sir," he replied, "I should say \$4 a day would be reasonable. Dats what de yuther legislators get."

Says Discipline on the Maine Was Lax.

NEW YORK, Feb. 18.—The Herald to-morrow will say:

"Lieut. J. G. Sobrai, naval attache of the Spanish legation at Washington, was in this city yesterday."

"Lieut. Sobrai was asked for his opinion as to the cause of the explosion on the Maine and his reply was: 'I know the cause of the explosion, but I cannot divulge it.'"

"He was pressed for further information on this point, and he finally replied: 'It was the result of an explosion inside the ship, which took place in one of the forward magazines. The fact of the matter is that the discipline and the watch observed on the ship were very lax. This, as one English newspaper the other day declared, is the case on American warships generally. These sort of things have occurred on previous occasions on American warships.'"

—It is said that a flower has been found in South America which is visible only when the wind blows. The shrub belongs to the cactus family and is about three feet high, with a crook at the top. When the wind blows a number of beautiful flowers protrude from little lumps on the stalk.—Chicago Chronicle.

—From all over the country, come words of praise for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Here is a sample letter from Mrs. C. Shep. of Little Rock, Ark.: "I was suffering from a very severe cold, when I read of the cures that had been effected by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I concluded to give it a trial and accordingly procured a bottle. It gave me prompt relief, and I have the best reason for recommending it very highly, which I do with pleasure." For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

Thanks for the Foundation.

An old itinerant colored preacher, while conducting services at a protracted meeting, was interrupted by a messenger, who rushed in and exclaimed, excitedly:

"Parson, de lightnin' struck yo' house, en burned it ter de groun'!"

The congregation expected to see the parson collapse under the information, but he did not.

"Burned de house down, did it?"

"Yes, suh!"

"Well, did it hurt de land what de house wuz on?"

"No, suh!"

"Thank de Lord fer dat!" exclaimed the parson. "Thank de Lord de land's lef! En now we'll sing on page 227. 'How Firm a Foundation.' Thank some brother fer de tune."

Murder in Louisiana.

ALEXANDRIA, La., February 20.—Dr. R. M. Blount, aged 40 years, a merchant and practicing physician at Holloway's Prairie, in this parish, was waylaid and murdered last night at 10:30, about 200 yards from his house, as he, his wife and eight children and several other persons were returning from a meeting of a singing class at a neighbor's house, about 100 yards from his home.

The murderer had selected a spot in the road that was covered with water, and the persons crossing had to walk single file over some poles, and then to the side of the road was a patch of underbrush, where the assassin had secreted himself, and when Dr. Blount passed he almost touched him with the muzzle of his shotgun, emptying two loads of buckshot in his left side, from the effects of which he died almost instantly. The assassin could not be recognized, but he was seen to mount his horse and ride off in a slow walk.

—The normal peanut crop is 4,000,000 bushels, and Americans are so fond of the nut that they spend upon it \$10,000,000 a year. Chemists say the peanut contains fifty per cent of fat and over thirty per cent of nourishing compounds, and it is commended by physicians as an article of food.

"Johnnie," said his father, "I'm surprised to hear that you have dared to dispute with your mother." "But she was wrong, pa," replied Johnnie. "That has nothing to do with it," said the old man. "You might just as well profit by my experience, and learn once for all that when a woman says a thing is so, it is so, whether it is so or not."

—Many a girl, who marries a man because she thinks other girls want him, wishes they had him before she has been wed a month.

Blood Poison.

Contagious Blood Poison has been appropriately called the curse of mankind. It is the one disease that physicians cannot cure; their mercurial and potash remedies only bottle up the poison in the system, to surely break forth in a more virulent form, resulting in a total wreck of the system.

Mr. Frank B. Martin, a prominent jeweler at 926 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C., says: "I was for a long time under treatment of two of the best physicians of this city, for a severe case of blood poison, but my condition grew worse all the while, notwithstanding the fact that they charged me three hundred dollars."

My mouth was filled with eating sores, my tongue was almost eaten away, so that for three months I was unable to taste any solid food. My hair was coming out rapidly, and I was in a horrible fix. I had tried various treatments, and was utterly discouraged, when a friend recommended S. S. S. After I had taken four bottles, I began to get better, and when I had finished eighteen bottles, I was cured sound and well, my skin was without a blemish, and I have had no return of the disease. S. S. S. saved me from a life of misery. S. S. S. guaranteed purely vegetable will cure any case of blood poison. Books on the disease and its treatment, mailed free by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

S. S. S.

There is nothing just as good as AFRICANA for Rheumatism or any other Blood Disease. So demand it and do not permit your Druggist to sell you some substitute. Thousands of people who have been suffering for years, and who have been told that their disease was incurable, are now given up all hope, could be restored to health again by taking AFRICANA.

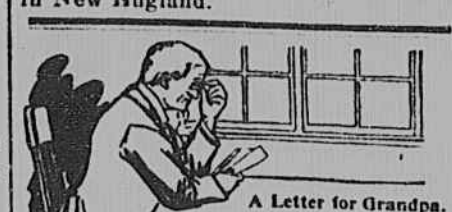
IT NEVER FAILS.

For sale by Evans Pharmacy and Hill-Orr Drug Co.

THE TOWNSHIP COMMISSIONERS of the several Townships of this County will meet at this office on Tuesday, March 1, 1898, at 10 o'clock a. m., to begin the work of suppressing the PERSONAL and the REAL ESTATE of Anderson County for taxation for the fiscal year 1898.

In order to secure a more thorough knowledge of the several Townships and continue this work for some three or four days immediately thereafter, until the appraisement shall have been completed, except in the City of Anderson, where the Assessors will estimate the work for ten days, or until the assessment shall have been completed.

—William Earle Cooke, of Portsmouth, R. I., who has just celebrated his 101st birthday, is said to be the oldest Methodist and oldest Freemason in New England.



A Letter for Grandpa.

The man who takes proper care of his health in youth and maturity lives to smile as he reads the letters of his grandchildren.

It's worth something to do that. It's worth a little daily care and thought for health. It's worth a dollar more and three for the right remedy for the insidious ills that make the big diseases.

When a man's liver is "out of kack," or his digestion is bad, or his appetite "finicky," he should take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It makes a man "hungry as a horse." It cleans the blood with the life-giving element of the food a man takes. It is the great liver purifier. It drives all impurities from the system. It cures nervous prostration, bilious complaints, indigestion, and all other ailments of the stomach, bowels, and general weakness. It is a sure cure for constipation, distress in the stomach, too much eating, falling of internal organs, of two men standing. Three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Discovery and three of Golden Medical Discovery completely restored my health.

Constipation and biliousness are nasty, nagging disorders that keep a man or woman dull and miserable. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a sure, speedy, permanent cure. One little box of these gentle laxative and two mild cathartics. They never gripe. Dealers sell them. Nothing is "just as good."

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WE no longer supply our seeds to dealers to sell again. At the same time, anyone who has bought our seeds of their local dealer during either 1896 or 1897 will send our Manager of "Everything for the Good" for 1898, and we will provide them with a letter FREE and give the name of the local merchant from whom they bought. To all others, this magnificent Manual, every copy of which costs us 30 cents to place in your hands, will be sent free on receipt of 10 cents (stamps) to cover postage. Nothing else is needed. It has ever been sent free abroad. It is a book of 200 pages, contains 500 engravings of seeds and plants, mostly new, and these are supplemented by 6 full color plates of the best novelties of the season, finally, OUR "SOUVENIR" SEED COLLECTION will also be sent without charge to all applicants sending 10 cts. for the Manual who will state where they saw this advertisement.

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Sales will take place Tuesday, March 8th next.

SOUTH CHATTANOOGA SAVINGS BANK.

Feb. 9, 1898.

Assessor's Notice.

Auditor's Office, Anderson, S. C., Feb. 11, 1898.

THE Township Commissioners of the several Townships of this County will meet at this office on Tuesday, March 1, 1898, at 10 o'clock a. m., to begin the work of suppressing the PERSONAL and the REAL ESTATE of Anderson County for taxation for the fiscal year 1898.

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G. N. C. ROLEMAN, Auditor of Anderson County.

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All parties owing me notes and accounts are requested and urged to pay same as soon as possible. I need my money and will be compelled to make collections early in the season. Save the trouble and expense of sending to see you.

J. S. FOWLER.

Sept. 20, 1897.

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July 14, 1897.

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